

of his interest, and it grieved him. Then, not long ago, he turned up at our New

he shambled to the point. He said he'd heard how well his book had been going since he'd sold out and he asked me

he snatched to his feet, his face
hears how well his book had been going
since he'd sold out, and he asked me
whether, in view of that, I didn't think it
would be only the fair thing to offer him
a square and straight case of the baby
act on his part, you will perceive.
"Why should we do that?" I asked him.
"You sold us the book, and it's ours now,
isn't it?"
"Oh, yes, he was willing to admit that
the book was ours all right, but when he'd
sold out his interest he'd had no idea that
it was going to be a success. It was the
way it had, and he thought that
why— as he had chiseled himself so badly,
why—

"Look here," said I to the young author. "You know a good deal about horse-racing, don't you?"

"I wish I knew less about it," he replied, mournfully.

A Similar Situation.

" 'All right,' said I. 'Now, supposing that last fall I had sold me a two-year-old colt that had won a number of big stakes for you, but that had gone a true lame from too much racing, so lame, in fact, that you had concluded that the colt wouldn't develop into a good three-year-old; and so were perfectly willing to sell me to me at your own figure. Supposing I had taken that colt and patched him up and sent him to the races, and he had made me a good deal of money for you, and you had a good for me right along, and won quite a

"You're right, and I am a crying baby," said the young man to that, his gameness and sense of right asserting itself then. "I didn't brook upon the matter in that light, but I can see now that I was overhauling. Only thing for me to do is write another book and then hang on, eh?"

"I told him to peel off his coat and go right to work," said the doctor, "and to let me at the earliest possible moment, and I'd

"You see, few of them are what you'd call good gamblers. They don't want to take any chances. They want the sure thing every time. So they'll tell you that nowadays every book is more or less of a gamble, as every book by an

unknown writer is an absolute out-and-out gambler. The author, in nine chapters of 10 pages each, expects the publisher to do all the gambling and take all of the chances. The average author is a strong believer in the "heads I win, tails you lose" system.

"The majority of new authors want the publisher to do all the work and to pay right. They've heard that only about one book in a hundred ever pays for the printing, electrotyping and binding of the first edition, and they don't like these 90-to-1 shots. So they want to sell outright. If the book looks pretty good, but the publisher is paying what we think it's worth—which is always a very large cut, indeed, from what the author thinks it's worth—and the

book is a go right from the start; why, this author is a man of letters and a consummate over it. He's glad that his book is a success, of course, but he has the childish feeling that his book is a success, and that his book is putting is something dismal to contemplate. "If, on the other hand, the new author gets ear, the publisher's company, and disposes of his book on the royalty basis, and the book has a quiet birth and a still more quiet death, the writer not getting any more for his book, the publisher not getting again, he has a grievance, and he fares forth into the highways and byways and tells everybody he meets that he's a crafty, close-fisted Old Scrooge lot those publishers are.

Like the Game Author.

"Occasionally there's an author who

takes a sporting view of these things, and in dealing with a man like that we're a good deal more inclined to treat him generously than with one who does the baby act and fills the air with his lamentations. One of the most successful men now on our list of authors knew how to take his medicine when he first brought his wares to market. He was gradually but nobly brought to the point where he could write as he pleased.

"The first book he gave to us on the royalty basis. It was a far better piece of fiction than the average, and it fell dead. Couldn't give it away. It came along at the wrong hour, or something, but anyhow the author never got a cent out of it, for we didn't get back the first cost of putting

We didn't get back the first cost of putting the book on the market, and there was the usual stipulation in the contract that 2,000 copies of the book had to be sold before the author's royalties should begin. We could not get rid of even that first edition of 2,000 copies, and so the author didn't get

a nickel out of his book. "But he didn't make any complaint at all. Said that he'd been taking chances all his life, and he never looked for money until he saw the color of it in his hand. But the next book he submitted to us, he said he'd rather write, because he was so broke and had a family, and needed the money. He named the modest sum of \$500. And we bought the book at that figure. We had a good deal of respect for that writer on account of the game way he'd taken his failure to make the cost of pens and ink

"Well, his second book was the biggest kind of a winner from the first day it appeared on the counters. After the first fortnight we were browbeating our binders

because they couldn't let us have enough copies of the book. The book started right off among the 'six best sellers of the week,' and in that particular case we wouldn't have felt in the least put out, much less surprised had the author turned up and presented that he thought he ought to

suggested that he thought he ought to have a look-in for some of the big profits. But he never came near us. Didn't emit a whine when all of the newspapers, in their literary reviews, were cracking his book up to the skies, and when the publishers' trade papers were commenting upon the big

"If he had taken the usual petulant and peevish part of some authors in such circumstances the \$500 for which he'd sold the book to us would certainly have been all he'd ever got out of it. But when the book had leaned past the \$200.00 mark in-

Surprised at the Proposition.
"It took him three or four days to get

"Hear about the way that book of yours

"I've been reading a lot about the way the thing's traveling along," he replied, not

"Well, you're selling this one to us on the royalty basis," I told him, pulling the contract for the outright \$500 sale of the

book out of a drawer and tearing it up before his eyes. 'This firm has got a tender feeling for writing folks that have sporting blood in them and that don't do the baby act,' and I wrote him a check for his royalties at the regular rate up to that date, a sum amounting to more than \$6,000. It's

book club of the "New York Times," earning it up before the year was over. This man has got a tender feeling for writing folks that have sporting blood in them and that don't do the baby act," and I wrote him a check for his royalties at the regular rate up to that date, a sum amounting to more than \$6,000. It's not often that you'll see a full-grown man come so near falling down for no apparent reason as that one did when he cast his eye over that check. But he deserved it. The whimpers never gets anything out of an American publisher."

Turn About.
From the Philadelphia Press.
"I understand they were married by a magistrate."
"Oh! no. By a minister and that ac-

counts for their being church members now. You see, they were joined by the church so then they joined the church."